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UNITARIAN SCHOOL

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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FREEDOM.

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England's air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains,—
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is it true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE CITY OF THE SOUL.

"He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—HEBREWS xi. 10.

The writer of this Epistle, as he pictured in his mind the career of Abraham, saw the patriarch as one who passed onward through life, giving up the visible and the transient for the sake of realities, invisible and eternal, of which he had no proof save within, but which he believed in and, through his belief, realized. The writer saw the ancient hero of his race, and his heart swelled with admiration.

But what did he really see? What did he reverence? He saw and reverenced a character. He saw the courage, faith, resolution, obedience to the voice within, which sent Abraham forth from his home, sacrificing all, to follow God alone; the wandering life which mixed with many men, but never was seduced from righteousness save once; the soul, careless of worldly rights and wealth, which tossed to Lot the choice of all he wished; the heart that year after year longed for the promise and the son that came not, and yet did not distrust God; the dweller in the mountains and on the plains who did not care to make a resting-place for himself, for he lived in the joy of two great conceptions—first, that God was always with him, and secondly, that in his seed all the families of the earth should be blessed; whose compassion and boldness were equally deep when he pleaded with the Almighty for the sinful city; and who died as he had lived,—God and the mountain simplicity in his heart,—having built up into finished form and charm that strong and stately character, equally natural and noble. As he fell asleep he looked up

from the city within him, which God and he had built, to the archetypal city beyond which had foundations, which God had built and made for him; the heavenly soul which answered to his earthly soul.

"Looking for a city which had foundations"—yes, perhaps so, for even in that ancient time, when there was no fixed belief in a world to come, there were hours when it rose like an island of the blest, in golden mist out of the sea of humanity, and men saw its vision and rejoiced. But if that were not so, yet the city *was* built, and its foundations were secure. Within Abraham its walls arose, and its temples!—'Twas the city of the soul, the city of a divine character, whose builder and maker was God.

And this, too, we possess within, you and I; a city which day by day is built. Who is the builder, and on what foundation does it rest? The senses are its gates! How are they guarded? Are they fast shut against our evil enemies? The conscience is its marketplace, where all its food is weighed and sold! Of what kind are the scales used there, false or true; and in its stalls is there wakefulness and obedience? The reason is its House of Representatives! Who sits in the Speaker's chair; who carries the day when the parties of right and wrong divide? The imagination sets up its palaces and gardens. With what pictures are they filled; who are the folk that walk therein; what are the dreams and fancies that lie in its woods or wander by its streams? The faculties, desires, powers, aspirations, all the pleasures and pains of thought, the feelings, the incessant thinkings—these are its houses! Of what kind are they? Built to last forever, secure against decay, white and pure, with all their windows open to the airs of heaven? Who has built and made it all, wonderful city that it is! Year by year, day by day, it has been wrought, and now it stands within—the image of your very self. Go, walk through its streets, and think on who has built it—God, or your own wild will? And is it He who, having built it, dwells in its citadel, or that other—your own Liking—now your lonely Tyrant?

It is easy to answer the question by asking another. "On what foundation does the city rest?" If it rest on the rock of doing righteousness, of hearing and doing the things of which Jesus told us were the things of God, of strict obedience to the laws of Love, and Truth, and Purity,—then God has built the city of your soul; and it will resist the earthquakes and the floods of life, and all the storms of evil will not overthrow its walls. But if its foundations are only your own feelings, undirected by righteous will, and not the doing of noble things, only fancies to be good or fancies to be wrong, only shifting, changing will—then the whole city rests upon the sand and walls and gates, palaces and houses, are in mortal peril. Let the rain come, and the flood and the tempest of life, and in a moment it will fall, and great will be its ruin.

Weary, unspeakably weary, will be the rebuilding! Yet it must be done. From year to year, through many a time and times in the eternal world you will have to clear away the ruins to set free the ground, to lay again the foundation, so that God with you may build into nobleness that inward city. It is a work which will be spared to none. Now or hereafter you will have to build a perfect city! Do it now. Call now your Father to your side. Lift into lovely and noble proportions the buildings of the soul. Lay to your work the plummet of righteousness. Say to your will: "Bend yourself under the order and command of God. Obey and know your rightful Lord." You are not the architect, but you should be His master-builder. While you are on earth, let the city be finished for heaven.

And for this purpose, let your foundation be on the living rock. That is the first thing. "He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him to a man who built his house upon a rock." The city of the soul, when God is maker and builder, is founded on the rock of loving, true, and righteous action. What sort of action is that? If you are in doubt, there are noble lives recognized by all the world, from seeing which you may clearly understand what righteous doing means; above all, there is Jesus Christ our Master. He laid that foundation deep, and other foundation than that no man may lay. It is laid in the character of God himself—laid on the living rock, on the unshakable basis of eternal Righteousness and Love. Every child can understand what it means to have this foundation for the city of the soul. "What you feel to be right and loving, do in the name of God your Father." There it is; and when the city of the soul rises on this massive rock, then its gates and walls, markets and palaces, houses and gardens, and its capitol, are fit and beautiful, and become themselves eternal as the rock on which they rose. It is a city which hath foundations.

Look, then, within, upon your inner life. There lies the shining city on the plain of your heart, with all its wonders, full to the edge of its walls with the houses which the events of every day of life have built, crowded with its population of thoughts and feelings. You know it! You alone and God behold

it. Has it foundations? Will it stand when the day of test arrives? What is it that you have within? Is God its builder and maker? Day by day has He been with you? Hour by hour has His Presence filled your soul? As each day added a new house to the city, as each day's thoughts and emotions were born to become the dwellers in that house, were the doings of the day, and the thoughts, done and thought in God—so that you rejoiced that the eyes of perfect Love and Holiness beheld them? Was every house, which every day built with the truth, and justice, and temperance, and wisdom, with the beauty and power of the Lord present, so that no lying, or injustice, no intemperance or folly, no dishonor, and no weakness, were built into it, to make it unsafe or ugly; so built that when you pass by that place in the walks that memory takes through the soul's city you need not shiver with distress, or dread that the building will tumble in hideous ruin, but be able to look up and think, "God built up that day with me; its house is mine and His forever."

And now if you can look inwardly with some peace, not with complete joy, indeed—for who has not often built weakly or ill; in whose heart are not many gardens desolate, and many houses in ruins?—if thus you can look on the city of the soul, able to say with humility, "God has built it along with me," then be proud of it with that pride which guards it against evil and dishonor; labor night and day to keep it strong and righteous; let nothing enter its gates which defileth or maketh a lie; regulate it; ennoble it; and in its centre, in its citadel, pray that God your Father may dwell forever, that He may daily walk its streets and with His Presence fill its dwellings, so that everything in it which is noble and beautiful may be liberated to do the most fitting and loveliest work, and all that is base in it may be silenced and driven out, and all that is wild and untamed in it be humanized and ordered, until there is nothing in it which is not fit for the perfect world.

There, then, is one of the aims of life—the inward aim, indeed, perhaps, the only aim; for if that be well done, the outward aim, which is the helping of others to build the whole Temple of Humanity, will also surely be done well. Strive for that end. Stretch yourself like a bent bow to send the arrows of thought and deed straight to this aim of life. Look to the city which is within you, and order all things for its perfect building, not for your own sake, but for the love of God and for the use of man.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Lord! have I walked with Thee to-day
As Thine own Pilgrims walk?
Lord! hast Thou gladdened all my way,
And mingled with my talk?

Have I some darling sin defied,
Some mighty lust o'erthrown?
Hast Thou, dear Lord, Thy servant tried
And found me more Thine own?

Hath my weak, yearning spirit sought
The holy home above?
Have I for my dear Saviour wrought
Some work of lowly love?

Hath each sweet visit of Thy grace
More grateful found my soul?
Have the bright shinings of Thy face
Beamed on a heart less dull?

More steadfast have I sought the right?
More faithful kept Thy way?
Yes! shine the hours with holier light
Than beamed from yesterday?

O faithless heart! O faltering hands!
O feet so slow to move!
When shall I run in Thy commands
And serve the Lord I love?

When shall each shining day transcend
The days that went before,
And to the day that hath no end
Bequeath a holier store?

—*Thomas H. Gill.*

If every one would take his share of responsibility, do his little scrap of duty, pay his penny worth of debt, keep the faith with his next neighbor, tell the truth he knows, pity the sorrows he sees, help those that come to him, forgive his own enemies, be true to his own friends, he would rivet one link of the chain of brotherhood. And, if every man rivets one, God rivets the whole. It is not work for heroes: it is work for all. Let it be limited as Providence limits it, and it can be done; and, when done, it is all the work that needs doing.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

Love, hope, joy,—these are of worth as they make us. If they have made us, that is all we need ask. Then there should be no regret. There is pathos, because these great things have passed, and have not left us great.—*Leslie W. Sprague.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass., offers these books: "Self-Culture," "Nineteenth Century Questions," and "Life and Times of Jesus," all by James Freeman Clarke; ministers and libraries to have the first choice.

REQUESTS.

1. The beautiful spring has returned with many blessings, while I am feeble and lonely. Surely there is no one as lonely as I am. I have lost all of my people. My son was killed by the falling of a tree some years ago. I hope some one will give me comfort. I thank all who kindly remember me with reading matter. The little birds are all around me; it makes my heart feel sad indeed. I should be glad to get the paper, too, called *Home Sunshine;* and I should be thankful for patchwork pieces of any kind, as I want to be busy to pass the long, wearisome days. Address Mrs. M. J. Hall, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina.

2. I am a little girl twelve years old, am a farmer's daughter and have very hard times. My greatest desire is to become a woman fitted to help others, but my chance is poor. I try the best I can to learn, and help my two sisters and three brothers. I should be so thankful for some reading, new or old magazines, stories or cards for my little brothers and sisters. I should be glad to receive any of these books: "Black Beauty," "Stepping Heavenward," "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." Address Alta Kennedy, Oakboro, North Carolina.

3. I have six children, three boys and three girls. They would be so glad of some post-cards, and scraps for quilts. I should be glad to correspond with some one, as my home is lonely. May God bless you all in your good Society. My address is Mrs. D. R. Kennedy, Oakboro, North Carolina.

4. I write you this evening as I feel very sad and lonely. My dear mamma died April 2; she lived near-by us. I should love to have you send some Sunday-school books and good papers or any good books for me and my children. I have four, and all are very small. My husband is away from home most of his time. I should be glad of anything to comfort us in our sad home, as I am very weakly and love to read. Our nearest minister is J. B. Roberson, Dodson, Virginia. He preaches about one mile from us every first Sunday; but I am not able to go every time, and am not able to fix my children to go all the time. Address Mrs. Fannie Rorrer, Dodson, Virginia, Route 1.

5. Reading is asked for by Mrs. Lucy Donley, Tellico Plains, Tennessee; Mrs. J. F. Moorfield, Madison, North Carolina; and Kate Helms, Marshville, North Carolina.

6. I shall be glad to receive any kind of reading. My means are not plentiful enough to buy books. Reading cheers my lonely life very much. I shall be glad to hear from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am a lonely housewife living in a very remote place. Address Mrs. J. Paxton Hill, Big Island, Virginia.

7. *Good Housekeeping* for 1917 is asked for by Mrs. Grace Hutchins, Newalla, Oklahoma, Route 1.

8. My little girl aged thirteen years (Essie Henderson, Sandidges, Virginia) wishes to enter her name in the *Cheerful Letter*, and would be very glad to receive letters from girls, and story-books. And I, her mother, would appreciate "At the Mercy of Tiberius," by Augusta Evans Wilson. I also thank you for your kindness in the past. (Mrs.) John Henderson, Sandidges, Virginia.

9. Mrs. Lene Hedgecock, Tellico Plains, Tennessee, Star Route 2, wishes much for a copy of "Shepherd of the Hills."

10. Mrs. C. W. Pendleton, of Elamsville, Virginia, sends her many thanks to the *Cheerful Letter* for past favors, and asks some one to send her the *Cheerful Letter* paper, and silk pieces for patchwork.

11. I live in the mountains. I have three sisters, younger than myself, my father, and my mother. I am eighteen years old; my youngest sister is twelve. We should like any kind of good reading that would suit young and old. I should like to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Address Effie West, Ironsburg, Tennessee.

12. Olin J. Coffey, Shulls Mills, North Carolina, would like the *Cheerful Letter* and any other reading.

13. Mrs. R. J. Belton, Price, North Carolina, will be very glad of a correspondent and good literature.

14. *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Cheerful Letter* are asked for by Mrs. L. J. Hellman, Esmont, Virginia.

15. Ellen Inlow, Trail, Oregon, will be glad of *McClure's*, *Cheerful Letter*, and "Life of Christ."

16. Mrs. Gertrude Hevena, Seward, New York, loves to read, and asks for magazines or stories.

17. Master Lewis Hicks, Munroe, Virginia, a lad of ten years, would like a good book.

18. I should like to join your book club. I refer you to Rev. J. B. Roberson. I should be glad of any of Harold Bell Wright's books or any good books such as Gene Stratton-Porter's writings. I am in a very lonesome place and should like books and magazines of any kind. Address Emma S. Goode, Dodson, Virginia.

19. I am a widow and rather lonely at times, so I thought I would ask you to admit me to your Society. I should like reading matter,—magazines, books, or any current literature,—and should be delighted to receive quilt pieces, as I am fond of making quilts and have no bright colors of my own. Address Mrs. Sarah Amanda Pedigo, Vinton, Virginia.

20. I am a lonely girl and should like to join your Cheerful Letter Society. I live in a saw-mill town and do not have much to read, so should like to receive any books and papers. And I especially want to get your little paper, the *Cheerful Letter*. You can write to Rev. J. L. Kirk for reference; he is our nearest neighbor. I am fifteen years old and am right lonely in a small place, as I have no sisters. Address Nellie C. Frye, Kennert, Robeson County, North Carolina.

21. I should be glad of some books,—any of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon's or Mrs. E. M. Southworth's books would be appreciated. I am somewhat of a shut-in now, having been to the hospital for an operation. I should also be glad of any fancy-work magazine that has crochet-patterns. Address Mrs. T. M. Robertson, Woolwine, Virginia.

22. Mrs. Velma Smith, Roosevelt, Oklahoma, R. R. 3, asks for *Pictorial Review*, *Woman's Home Companion, or Mothers' Magazine*. She has three little children, two boys and one girl, and will be glad of story-books and pictures for them.

23. I am a very poor woman, have nine small children, and my husband is crippled. I should be pleased to get any reading matter for my children. For reference I send Mr. J. B. Roberson, Dodson, Virginia. Address Mrs. Sanora Whaling, Dodson, Virginia.

24. Seeing one of your little *Cheerful Letter* papers, I should be glad to join your Society. I am not very well, and my husband is getting old and very weakly. Should be glad to receive any books or papers, and should like some scraps of any kind for patchwork. Should also be glad to correspond with some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. For reference, Rev. J. B. Roberson, Dodson, Virginia. Address Mrs. Lizzie S. Wright, Elamsville, Virginia.

25. I am very lonely yet, as my father cannot talk to me. I have received so many nice scraps and so much nice reading, and I have answered all that I could by mail, and ask you to please thank all for me; if you will I shall appreciate it, as we do not have mail but three days in the week. I was so thankful for your nice presents. Mary F. Blalock, Polkton, R. 3, Box 29, North Carolina.

26. I am a little girl fourteen years old and I am in the seventh grade at school. I read in the *Cheerful Letter* that you would give some scraps for patchwork, and as my school is over the sixth of this month I should love to have them so I shall have something to occupy my time. And I have been exposed to the whooping-cough, which will keep me in the house. Address Josephine Parkhill, Woodbine, Texas, R. F. D. 2, Box 30.

27. Mrs. Sillar Craig, Stella, Virginia, Route 1, will be glad of reading, pictures of any kind, or postal-cards to look at for company.

28. I am a little boy nine years old who loves to read and can't get many books. Will you send me "The Last of the Mohicans" and "The Arabian Nights"? Address Dudley Graham Shaw, Kerr, North Carolina.

29. Rev. C. W. Johnson, Ben Hur, Arkansas, is very anxious to obtain two medical

books: "Materia Medica" and "Medical Dictionary." He also would appreciate *Current Opinion.* Can some one send these to Mr. Johnson? (M. L. N.)

30. I wish to thank those who sent me reading the past year. I should be very glad to receive the book "Lena Rivers" and should also be glad to receive any kind of scrap-pieces for patchwork, and picture-books for my little girl of two years of age. I have a little girl three months old and am confined at home most of the time, so anything to while away the lonesome hours would be appreciated. Address Mrs. Harry C. Nelson, Critz, Virginia.

31. Have you or any one you know any *St. Nicholas* magazines? I could use all you have to spare; also several current subscriptions to satisfy some of the children with whom I come in contact. Address Rev. Gustave H. Zastrow, Tallahassee, Florida.

32. Mrs. G. R. Cooper, Garrisonville, Stafford County, Virginia, having experienced two years of sickness in her home and having two children to care for, asks for Sunday-school papers suitable for them, also Christian reading for older members of her family.

CORRECTION.

The address of Mrs. Mary Cunningham should be Mountain Park, Oklahoma, and not Mannlain, as printed in April *Cheerful Letter.*

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jones is now at 608 North Kentucky Avenue, Lakeland, Florida.

Mrs. Sarah Gilbert is now at Atlantic, Iowa.

Mrs. Fannie E. Thompson from Tatum to Unionville, Virginia, Route 2.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

JACOB ABBOTT'S METHOD OF DEALING WITH THE QUESTION.

Martin began to get somewhat out of patience by Jasper's calling him off so frequently from one piece of work to another. A laboring man, or even a boy, who is accustomed to steady work, likes, when he has commenced on a job, to go on and finish it; but Jasper, finding continually new things to do, was perpetually calling Martin from one thing to another in quite a vexatious manner.

For instance, one at a time, while Martin was at work digging out a big root, Jasper, who had gone down to the lower point of the island, below a fringe of bushes, where Martin could not see him, suddenly called out,—

"Martin, I want you to come here."

"Shall I need any tools?" asked Martin.

"I don't know," said Jasper; "yes, you may bring an iron bar."

So Martin laid down the pick with which he had been digging the root, and went to Jasper, carrying the iron bar.

"I want you to see whether you can pry up these stones," said Jasper, pointing to some stones that lay embedded in the ground, on the shore of the island.

"What for?" said Martin.

"Why, you see, I've an idea of making a wharf of them," replied Jasper. "If I can get out these stones, and make a wharf of them here on the lower point of the island, then I can build a dam a little way below there, and so have a pond to sail my boats. You see, there is quite a wide space between the banks of the brook here, right below the island, and if I can make a dam so as to fill all this space with water, I can have a good pond."

"It is an excellent plan," said Martin; "but then you had better finish clearing up the island first, and afterward begin on this job."

"No," replied Jasper, "I want to have you see if you can get these stones out now; for if they will not come out, then I shall have to give up the plan, and I am in a hurry to know."

So Martin went back, and brought the shovel and the pick, so that he could dig about the stones in order to get them out. While he was at work upon them, Jasper strolled along up the shore of the island, and soon disappeared from view behind the thicket.

Martin dug out one stone, and while he was at work on the second, he heard Jasper's voice calling,—

"Martin!"

"Hallo!" said Martin.

"I want you to come here, and bring the shovel."

"I'm busy digging out these stones," replied Martin; "I can't come now."

"Yes, yes," said Jasper; "I want to see about widening the brook here. You can go back to the stones in two or three minutes."

So Martin, grumbling at his master's capriciousness, took his shovel and went to the place where Jasper was.

"You see," said Jasper, "the brook is not quite wide enough, or, rather, the banks are not quite steep enough here to keep the cows from jumping over, and I want to see if we

can make them steeper. We ought to know this now, because, you see, if we can't keep the cows out, it is of no use for us to try to make a garden."

"But, Jasper," said Martin, "it is a great deal better to wait until we have got the other jobs done that we have already begun, and then take hold of widening the brook altogether. You see, we want different tools and things in order to do this work."

"What different things do you want?" asked Jasper.

"Why, we want a pick and a shovel," said Martin, "and an iron bar to pry out the stones."

"Well," said Jasper, "you have got them all."

"And we want a wheelbarrow to wheel the sods and the gravel away in," added Martin, "and a board to stand upon, to keep my feet out of the water when I am digging."

"Oh, no matter about those things," said Jasper, "just to dig a little. I only want a little done now, just to see how it will look."

"Besides," continued Martin, "if you are going to build a dam, the sods and the gravel that we get in widening the brook will be just what you will want for the embankment."

"Oh, never mind about that," said Jasper; "we will do it so when we get ready to work regularly."

"Very well," said Martin, in a resigned tone of voice, "it is just as you say; it makes no difference to me: Mr. Grant put me under your orders."

So Martin went for the rest of his tools, and began to work, as Jasper had directed. Jasper stood looking on a few minutes and then said he would go and see to the fire. Then he looked at the stump of the tree which Martin had begun to dig out, but had left when Jasper called him away to see about the stones.

"Ah," said he, "this is just the thing. I'll finish digging out this stump while Martin is away."

Jasper worked a few minutes and then he began to be tired.

"It is of no use to dig out all these roots," said Jasper to himself; "it will do just as well to cut them off below the level of the ground. Then when the hole is filled up the gravel will be as smooth as if there were no roots there."

So Jasper began to call Martin. "I want you to come for a minute or two."

"I wonder what plan that boy has now!" said Martin to himself.

He however obeyed the order as he was in duty bound and went in through the thicket to where Jasper was.

"I think," said Jasper, "that it is not of any use to dig out any more of these roots, and so I want you to cut them off."

"But you cannot dig up the ground for your garden," said Martin, "unless you first get all the roots out."

"No matter, I will have the garden in another part," said Jasper.

"Besides," said Martin, "I cannot cut the roots off down so deep in the ground without spoiling your grandfather's axe."

"But I have taken all the stones away," said Jasper, "so that you might not hit any of them."

"Ah, but it is not the stones, merely," said Martin. "The bark of the roots is full of dirt and gravel and it would spoil this axe to cut them through."

"No," said Jasper, "the worst would be that it would dull it a little, but you can grind it again to-morrow."

Thus Martin insisted that it would not answer to cut these roots off with his axe, while Jasper, on the other hand, insisted that he should do it.

"Grandfather told you to obey my orders," said Jasper.

"He told me to obey your orders to-day," said Martin, "but not to-morrow."

"Well, I don't give you any orders for to-morrow," said Jasper.

"Yes, you do," retorted Martin, "it is just the same thing. If I have to work to-morrow in sharpening the axe which I dull to-day, don't you see it is making me work for you two days instead of one?"

"No," said Jasper, "it is no such thing; and if you don't cut the roots off the trees, I'll cut them myself."

So saying, Jasper approached Martin, and was going to take away the axe from him in order to cut the roots, but Martin held the axe behind him with one hand, and the other he held out as if to keep Jasper away.

Jasper now began to feel quite angry, and he struck Martin's arm. The blow which he struck was not a violent one; still it was a blow.

Martin immediately turned round, and, putting his axe upon his shoulder, began to walk away. He passed through a gap in the thicket that formed the border of the island, threw his axe across the brook to the main land, then leaped over himself, and, taking up his axe, walked across the field toward the house.

Jasper ran to the margin of the island to see where Martin was going.

"Martin," said he, "are you going away?"

"Yes," said Martin, "I am going away."

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

POISON-SUMACHS AND HARMLESS WOODBINE.

I have been thinking that one who urges his troop of boy friends to an indiscriminate quest among the woods, meadows, and copses takes a great responsibility upon himself if he fails to caution them of the dangers which they are certain to meet. I do not speak of wild-cats or snakes, but of a much more sly and perilous foe, the poison-sumachs, which lurk in every corner, and seem to lie in wait for their victims by every wall and in every thicket.

There is one page of botany which every dweller in the country should learn. The short chapter on the *Rhus*, or sumach, is easily committed to memory, and a few moments' study will equip any boy to meet the dangerous tribe on their own ground and give them a welcome or wide berth, as they may deserve. There are five species of sumach which are more or less common in the Eastern United States, the sixth species of the genus, *Rhus* aromatica, being especially found westward. Of these but *two* are poisonous—the *Rhus venenata* and the *Rhus toxicodendron*.

The first of these is a truly venomous plant, frequenting swamps and wet alders and willows. It bears the popular names of poison-dogwood, poison-sumach, and poison-elder, and is a shrub varying from six to twenty-five feet in height, with foliage consisting of about five pairs of opposite and a terminal leaflet, the form called "odd pinnate" in our botanies. To the ordinary observer it appears somewhat like the other sumachs, though on careful examination it will be seen to have a distinct pert, mischievous, "all-on-end" look about it, caused by a peculiar upward inclination of the leaflets. Its swampy haunts should also serve in a measure to identify it; and though in the summer it might easily be encountered unawares, in the autumn it need never so waylay us, for, as Thoreau says, "it blazes its sins as scarlet" in its haunts, and is conspicuous.

The other poisonous species, *Rhus toxicodendron*, would scarcely be considered a sumach at all by the ordinary observer, its popular name of "poison-ivy" being quite expressive of its peculiar habit of growth. The other common name of "poison-oak" applied to the same plant would seem to be rather inconsistent with the first, but the two are scarcely as inconsistent as they appear, for the *Rhus toxicodendron* masquerades a variety of guises both as to foliage and manner of growth, the two extremes being so widely at variance as almost to entitle the forms to be considered as distinct species, and which have been so presented by some botanists, *Rhus toxicodendron* in the bushy form, *Rhus radicans* when climbing.

One favorite haunt of the ivy is the stone wall; and the other, the fence. In the latter haunt it often thrives very luxuriantly, enveloping the decaying post in the coils of its brown shaggy trunk, and sending out smooth, bush-like branches from the summit quite in the manner of the true European ivy, not as we see it in this country, where it usually clings close to its wall, but as it everywhere luxuriates among the castle and abbey ruins of the Old World.

There need be no trouble in identifying the poison-ivy in any of its forms. The hairy trunk will often serve us, but there are two other features which are of more value.

First let us remember that *its leaves are always grouped in threes* whatever the outlines of their more or less wavy margins.

Four things need to be committed to memory to insure safety against our poison sumachs:—

First. The poison-ivy has *three* leaves.

Second. The five-leaved is harmless.

Third. The poison-sumachs have white berries.

Fourth. No red-berried sumach is poisonous.

With these simple precepts fixed in the mind, no one need fear the dangers of the thickets.—*From "Sharp Eyes," by William Hamilton Gibson.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

A LONG CHAPTER AND ALL ABOUT LITTLE HARRY TWIGGS. A CHAPTER FOR A HOT DAY.

One Sunday it was excessively hot; so hot that the children did not know what to do. In the evening they sat at tea with the windows open, flowers on the table, and the butter almost like oil though it was in water. Nobody ate or drank much, indeed to drink hot tea was out of the question. Herbert was almost cross, and so was Meggy; they wished they had ice to put in their tea; they said that the Chinese were a deal wiser than the English, because they drank their tea cold; and that they did not believe anybody in all the world was as hot as they had been all day.

Their father said, What would they think if they were little Harry Twiggs?

They had never heard of little Harry Twiggs, and they asked who he was. Their papa said that at five o'clock that very morning, little Harry Twiggs went out with a wooden clapper in his hand to frighten away the birds from Farmer Broadbent's corn. This corn grew in a thirty-acre field—a monstrous field; the whole parish called it "the big field," and it was full of corn, just getting ripe; and the birds, great and small, came to peck it. Farmer Broadbent meant that that one field should pay the rent of his whole farm. He was very particular about having the birds kept out, so he hired little Harry Twiggs, who was one of the poorest boys in all the parish, at threepence a day, to walk round and round the cornfield, and down the foot-road that went across it from end to end, to make a noise with his little wooden clapper, and to shout with his weak voice, and thus to frighten away the birds. For the last six days, from Monday to Saturday, little Harry had done so; he went at five o'clock in the morning, and came away at eight o'clock at night, and all day long he saw nobody, unless by chance anybody went along the foot-road when he was on it, for otherwise he was so little, and the corn was so tall, that he could not have seen them; and in all that long week he had only seen a beggar, and he was deaf and dumb, and the parish constable, of whom he was always afraid, because when he saw him he thought of the round-house, which was the parish prison.

All round the field there were tall hedges full of wild roses and honeysuckles, and meadow-sweet, and pretty purple vetches, which made them very delightful, only that poor Harry soon grew tired of looking at them by himself. In the hedges there also grew, here and there, tall old oak trees, which cast one or other of them, all day long, a pleasant shade; and Harry used to think that if he could but lie down under the shady trees it would be pleasant, but then he was so afraid of Farmer Broadbent coming into the field when he should be lying there, and perhaps fast asleep, for the hot sun and weariness often made him sleepy. He therefore never dared to indulge himself; and all day long he went round and round, and up and down, that great, wide, cornfield, on which the sun shone without any shadow, unless it might be a passing cloud. Poor Harry was often so tired that he did not know what to do, and he was always glad when, by the height of the sun, he thought it was noon, and then he might sit and eat his dinner, his little dinner of bread and cheese and buttermilk. Sometimes he made a mistake and ate it an hour too soon—he never took it an hour too late—and then the afternoon seemed so long that he thought it never would end; and he often, besides that, was ready to cry because he was so hot and tired, and had nobody to speak to—not even a dog.

Harry lived with his old grandmother: they lived by themselves in a little mud cottage, one story high, beside the common, and Harry used to play with all the neighbors' children, for they were none of them too grand to play with a poor little lad like him. There was Dick Tattersall—he was Harry's favorite playfellow, and the son of the blacksmith, a stout lad, who would have made two of such little fellows as Harry Twiggs, though he was not quite half a year older; and then there were all Dick's brothers and sisters—such flocks of them! who always came trooping at his heels, because he was such a funny, good-natured fellow, and was always so kind to them; and there was Peggy Ford, Widow Ford's little daughter, who lived in the least house in all the parish—less even than the Twiggs's, for the Fords, like them, were very poor—and she used to play with Dick Tattersall's sisters, and that made her very friendly with Harry and Dick.

Poor little Harry often told his friends in the evening, when he reached home and found them all playing, and he was too tired to play, how solitary and forlorn he felt in "the big field" all by himself from morning till night. One evening, when Harry had been talking in this way, Dick said, as sure as he was alive he would go and keep him company in the big field all next Sunday; and Peggy Ford said, so would she, if Nancy Tattersall would; and Nancy said she would, if little Joshua might go, and everybody said little Joshua might, and so it was all agreed and settled, and Harry wished it was Sunday.

On Sunday morning—this very Sunday morning, said the children's papa—while you were fast asleep in bed, up got little Harry as usual, put on his clean shirt and stockings and his good pair of trousers—his common ones were very old indeed—and a black pinafore, with an old leathern strap round his waist, and off he set as soon as he had swallowed his breakfast, with his dinner in an oldish gray-looking basket. It was a capital dinner that he had that day; a little bit of cold mutton, a huge hunch of bread, some treacle in an old tea-cup with a tea-pot lid that fitted it, and this with bread was to be the grand second course. Besides this, he had a little can of buttermilk. It was a particularly good dinner, and Harry meant to divide it among his friends if it was better than what they brought.

He hoped as he passed the blacksmith's

to see some of the family about, perhaps even Dick himself. But, no! it was all shut up, shop and all; for they were taking their rest an hour later, as it was Sunday morning. He then turned down the lane toward the house where Widow Ford lived; but no signs of life were visible about the place, excepting the old cat which had been shut out all night. As soon as the cat saw Harry, she heaved up her back and tail, and rubbed in a sidling way against the door-post, and mewed with such a long whining mew.

"Poor pussy!" said Harry, stroking her and wishing he could leave a message with her, but it was no use wishing that. As there were no other signs of life, there was nothing for him to do but to trudge off to the field as fast as he could, for he now heard the church clock strike a quarter to six, and he was frightened lest Farmer Broadbent should take a walk into the field, as he often did before breakfast, and not find him there. He was afraid of Farmer Broadbent, partly because he was such a large man, and such a large voice, and walked with such a large stick; and partly because he was overseer of the poor, and often sent poor folks to the union workhouse, and that was enough to make him afraid. So whenever he saw the farmer in the field, he contrived to be a good way off, always clapping industriously and shouting to the birds.

The first thing Harry did when he reached the field was to walk all round it, clapping as he went, though he never once thought about the birds, because he was thinking of the party he was going to have, and he wanted now to find out which was the pleasantest place in all the field. To be sure he had fixed that in his mind some days ago, even before he knew that his friends would come to visit him, but he now wanted to be quite sure about it. The nicest place in all the field was that on which he had before decided, and he now felt sure that it was the sweetest spot in all the parish.

It was an old overgrown marl-pit, which separated this field from the next, and where there was no regular fence, but a great many oaks and ashes, and plenty of hazel bushes, which formed a close and cool thicket, where at any time of the day they were sure of shade. There were something like regular seats in the broken sides of the hollow, so he trampled down the long grass and tall plants, and broke off hazel boughs, or twisted them in, one with another, till he formed a little open cove in the bushes, just like a little parlor in the wood, or a sweet little nest, just big enough to hold five or six children. He gathered beautiful green moss which was now wet with dew, and laid it in the sun to dry, and this he meant for cushions for the seats. There never was a prettier little spot than that; it was a regular bower, and thrushes sang with all their might and so did the larks, up in the clear bright sunshine.—*From "The Children's Year," by Mary Howitt.*

(To be continued.)

THE DOG OF FORT VAUX.

The only tenant of ruined Fort Vaux when the French troops marched in was a dog. He was not willing to surrender: his bark rang out like a challenge. There was no guardian of the cases of cartridges and boxes of rations the Germans had abandoned but this mongrel with neither food nor water.

But the defender of Fort Vaux was not dangerous. Surrounded by meat rations, he was hollow as a drum. With three thousand bottles of mineral water piled about him like cordwood, there was not a drop to drink. His tongue was parched and furred. It was no "deep-mouthed welcome" that he sounded, but a hoarse falsetto of mingled defiance and distress. The one mongrel was neither of form nor color to attract notice. He had the pedigree of the gutter, which is none. No doubt he was half deaf from the din of bombardments. Lacklustre of eye, unkempt and soiled of coat, the dog of Fort Vaux was a true soldier of the trenches.

To the "poilus" all dogs look alike: none is too low in degree to be taken to their hearts. Common perils and privations make all dogs comrades. Besides, this one was the only German holding the fort. He deserved decoration. And he had been left to perish too! So the dog of Fort Vaux was greeted with a clamor of delight, and then and there, as the tricolor went up, he was enlisted to serve for France until the end of the war. His captors waited upon him as if he were a distinguished ally. Food was set before him, and he lapped his fill of water. He joined the mess with a tail wagging joyously.

Henceforth this deserted dog will bury his bones in soil never to pass to the Germans again; he will fetch and carry for Verdun's heroes; the wounded whom he succors will be "poilus"; all his company tricks will be French, and he will be called by a French diminutive; and he will wear a collar with a brass plate inscribed "The Dog of Fort Vaux."—*From Our Four-footed Friends.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

R	R	A	J	N	E	W	E	H	A	R
I	E	H	O	N	B	O	T	E	I	R
B	T	N	O	S	S	T	M	A	R	T
E	E	C	H	E	R	U	A	E	N	I

By beginning at a certain letter, and following a path, using no letter twice, the names of three persons born in June will be spelled.

II.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. A pronoun.
2. A covering for the head.
3. A preposition.
4. A consonant.

III.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why was the giant Goliath very much astonished when David hit him with a stone?
2. How did Henry VIII. differ as a suitor from other men?
3. Which is the gayest letter of the alphabet?

IV.

CHANGED INITIALS.

I am a word of four letters, meaning a fabric of fine threads of linen, silk, etc.

Change my head, and I am a contest in running.

Change my head, and I am a small European cyprinoid fish.

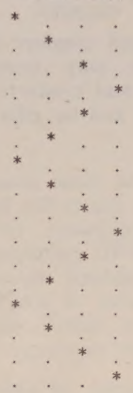
Change my head, and I am exterior form or appearance.

Again, and I am a staff carried as an ensign of authority.

Again, and I am a step.

V.

A ZIGZAG.



All the words contain the same number of letters, and, when rightly guessed and written one below the other, the path marked by the stars will spell the name of an English author.

1. A part of the body.
2. The back of the neck.
3. To mend.
4. To carry.
5. A sacred bird of ancient Egypt.
6. A company of persons, especially of ladies.
7. A pavilion of canvas.
8. To send forth.
9. A colony of the United States.
10. To raise.
11. Ballot.
12. A synonym for power.
13. Free from adulteration.
14. To jump or vault.
15. A metal.
16. A man who dresses in the latest fashion.

Answers to Puzzles in the May number.

I. BEHEADINGS: 1. Bell–ell. 2. Coat–oat. 3. Don–on. 4. Fear–ear. 5. Gin–in.

II. CHANGED INITIALS: 1. Buck—Luck. 2. Ace—Ice. 3. Barrow—Narrow. 4. Hall—Call. 5. Ire—Ore. 6. Race—Lace. 7. Bear—Near. Lincoln.

III. A DIAMOND:

J
M A P
J A P A N
P A D
N

IV. JUMBLED FLOWERS: 1. Hydrangea. 2. Clover. 3. Tea Rose. 4. Hyacinth. 5. Baby's Breath.

V. NUMERICAL PUZZLE: 1. Frederic T. Greenhalge. 2. Harrison Gray Otis. 3. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 4. Caleb Cushing. 5. James A. Garfield.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is now 633 Third Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Miss Helen L. Wells, 269 Franklin Street, Newton, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthy meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be omitted during the summer.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests:—

FOR MUSIC, FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, TO MRS. THOMAS LACEY, 145 GRAND VIEW AVENUE, WOLLASTON, MASS.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to any one who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Mrs. Elmer E. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

THE VOICE OF KINDNESS.

If a dog run out and bark at you, do not be frightened. Ten chances to one, he only means, "How do you do?" If he seems angry and riled, don't take a club to strike him, neither kick nor cuff him; don't *bark back* in any way. Speak kindly to him. Show him your good-will for his ill-will; and it is curious to see how quickly he will smooth down. The voice of kindness he can understand, and he is seldom mean enough to hold out against kindness.